

No. 2.

The Green Sheaf



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SOLD BY ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET, W.

The Green Sheaf



THE world of imagination is the world of eternity. It is the divine bosom into which we shall go after the death of the vegetated body.

The world of imagination is infinite and eternal, whereas the world of generation or vegetation is finite and temporal.

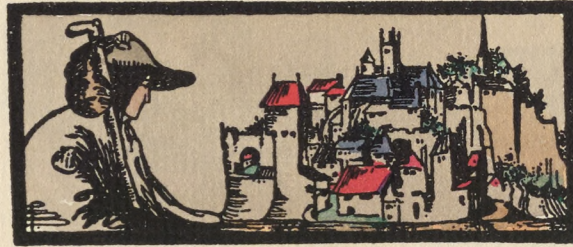
There exist in that eternal world the eternal realities of everything which we see reflected in this vegetable glass of nature.

William Blake.



A Million Years Hence.

The Green Sheaf



AT DEPARTING.

As when we make a vagrant stay
In some old town, where drowsy time
As in the old-world steals away
In quiet, to the clock's quaint chime,
And now 'tis come to our last day ;

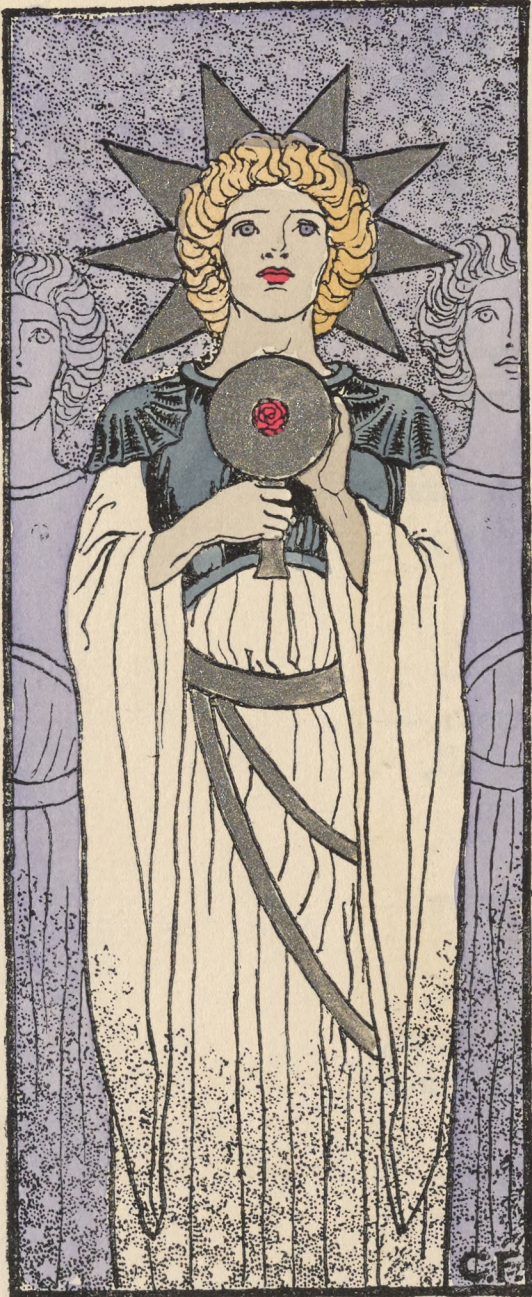
And late we saunter up and down,
Or walk on the embattled wall—
The gate-clasped girdle of the town—
Or once more visit the town-hall,
And churches of antique renown,

And take a fond and lingering leave,
As we pass on, of every part,
And while to say farewell we grieve,
We strive to get the whole by heart,
As dream, among our dreams to weave :

So when life's end is near, we know,
And all our journeys we have been,
One hard last look we shall bestow—
Hoarding it's dear and lightsome scene
For death's long dark, where we must go.

Lucilla.

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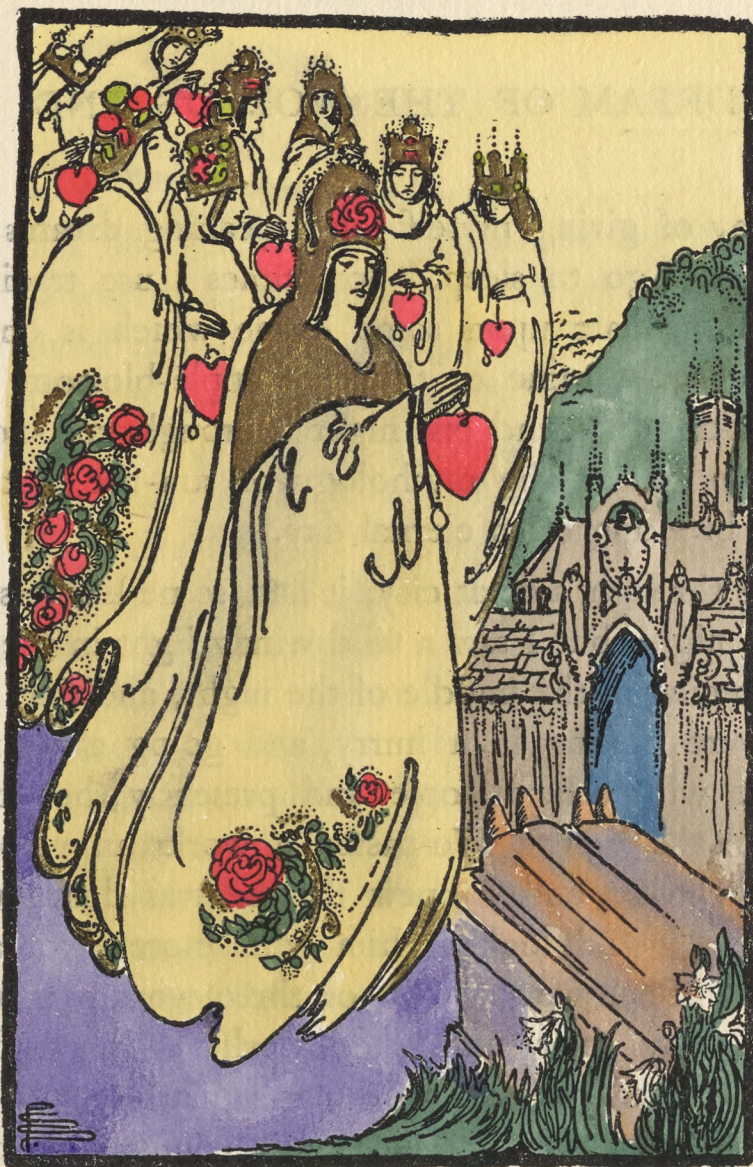


A PRAYER TO THE LORDS OF DREAM.

*ALL things have conspired against me
To fill my heart with unrest.
Let me hide the world from remembrance ;
To dream were surely best,
For the warring of flesh and spirit
Can only be drowned in dreams.
O Lords of the Silver Shadow,
Be tender with my dreams,
Lest even my dreams should conspire
To fill my heart with unrest.*

Cecil French.

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ONCE, in a dream, I saw a great church with a long narrow door, and behind it rose a green hill. There was a garden on the top with arches cut in box. The rooks cawed overhead. As I walked at the foot of the hill I came to the church-yard, where many lilies grew ; and close by the church door was a sandstone tomb with two figures carved on it. A foot of one of them began to wag.

Suddenly on the left there was a sound of solemn music—and many spirits floated by. Mild faces had they ; and every one carried a red heart from which dropped a pearl—hung by a golden chain.

Then passing by they disappeared into the long blue door of the church.

P. C. S.

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DREAM OF THE WORLD'S END.

I HAVE a way of giving myself long meaning dreams, by meditating on a symbol when I go to sleep. Sometimes I use traditional symbols, and sometimes I meditate upon some image which is only a symbol to myself. A while ago I came to think of apple-blossom as an image of the East and breaking day, and one night it brought me, not as I expected a charming dream full of the mythology of sun-rise, but this grotesque dream about the breaking of an eternal day.

I was going through a great city, it had some likeness to Paris about Auteuil. It was night, but I saw a wild windy light in the sky, and knew that dawn was coming in the middle of the night, and that it was the Last Day. People were passing in a hurry, and going away from the light. I was in a brake with other people, and presently the horses ran away. They ran towards the light. We passed a workman who was making a wall in his best clothes, and I knew that he was doing this because he thought the Judge would look at him with more favourable eyes if he were found busy. Then we saw two or three workmen with white faces watching the sky by their unfinished work. Everybody now was a workman, for it seemed to be a workman's quarter, and there were not many people running past us. Then I saw young workmen eating their breakfast at a long table in a yard. They were eating raw bacon. I understood somehow that they had thought "we may as well eat our breakfast even though this is the Last Day"; but, that when they began to cook it, they had thought, "it is not worth while to trouble about cooking it." All they needed was food, that they might live through the Last Day calmly.

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After that, and now we seemed to have left the brake, though I did not remember our leaving it, we came to a bridge over a wide river, and the sky was very wild and bright, though I could not see any sun. All in a moment I saw a number of parachutes descending, and a man in a seedy black frock-coat came out of one of them, and began distributing circulars. At the head of them was the name of a seller of patent medicines, and we all understood the moment we saw the name, that he was one of the most wicked of men, for he had put up great posters that had spoiled many beautiful views. Each circular had printed upon it a curse against this man, and a statement that a curse given at the end of the world must of necessity weigh heavily with the Eternal Judge. These curses called for the damnation of the patent medicine seller, and you were asked to sign them at the bottom, undertaking at the same time to pay the sum of one pound to the medicine seller if the end of the world had not really come. I remember that the circular spoke of this "solemn occasion," but I do not recollect any other of the exact words. I awoke, and was for some time in great terror, for it seemed to me that an armed thief was hidden somewhere in the darkness of my room. Was this some echo of what the Bible has said about "one who shall come as a thief in the night?"

W. B. Yeats.

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A DREAM ON INISHMAAN.

SOME dreams I have had in a cottage near the Dun of Conchubar, on the middle Island of Aran, seem to give strength to the opinion that there is a psychic memory attached to certain neighbourhoods.

One night after moving among buildings with strangely intense light upon them, I heard a faint rhythm of music beginning far away from me on some stringed instrument.

It came closer to me, gradually increasing in quickness and volume with an irresistibly definite progression. When it was quite near the sounds began to move in my nerves and blood, and to urge me to dance with them.

I knew, even in my dream, that if I yielded to the sounds I would be carried away to some moment of terrible agony, so I struggled to remain quiet, holding my knees together with my hands.

The music increased again, sounding like the strings of harps tuned to a forgotten scale, and having a resonance as searching as the strings of the Cello.

Then the luring excitement became more powerful than my will, and my limbs moved in spite of me.

In a moment I was swept away in a whirlwind of notes. My breath and my thoughts and every impulse of my body became a form of the dance, till I could not distinguish any more between the instruments and the rhythm, and my own person or consciousness.

For a while it seemed an excitement that was filled with joy : then it grew into an ecstasy where all existence was lost in a vortex of movement. I could not think there had ever been a life beyond the whirling of the dance.

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At last, with a sudden movement, the ecstasy turned to an agony and rage. I struggled to free myself, but seemed only to increase the passion of the steps I moved to. When I shrieked I could only echo the notes of the rhythm.

Then, with a moment of incontrollable frenzy, I broke back to consciousness, and awoke.

• • • • •

I dragged myself, trembling, to the window of the cottage and looked out. The moon was glittering across the bay, and there was no sound anywhere on the island.

J. M. Synge.

JAN A DREAMS.

THIS dream, like all my intenser dreams, commenced with a noise as of the beating of many wings, the rush of water, and the roaring of a sea-wind.

The tumult lasted for a few seconds, dying into a dry rustling as of leaves scattered along a road in Autumn, and, with the subsidence of the uproar, I woke, as it were, into the bright consciousness of vision. I saw a multitude of dry leaves whirling, in a high wind, along a great white road, and, in a little while, I saw that I, too, was shrunken to a dry writhelled leaf; and then the great wind caught me, and swept me forward among the others, and I knew, as I was blown along, that all these flying leaves were human souls being hurried to Judgment.

After a long, tempestuous passage, this rout of leaves was blown into a vast space, in the midst of which a white fire burned, with a great smoke circling about it. At times this fire quickened and burned high, and then the leaves leaped and danced in merry eddies. At times it guttered low and then the leaves lay and trembled much as they will on the roads in Autumn when the wind is too light to scatter them.

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In the great smoke about the fire the seven planets circled and sang, and I knew that each note, each word, each letter of their song was a human soul, for, at times, a dead leaf would be plucked from amongst us and disappear among the smoke, becoming some minute part of the great music of created things. Then I knew that the making of the perfect music was beginning, and that the perfect song of the sailors, and of the sea-creatures, and of the sea-weeds, and of the sea-fowl, and of the sea-winds, and of the sea itself was about to be shapen and to become a part of the song of the singing planets. And I, having loved the sea, lay in my pile of leaves trembling with hope that I might be deemed worthy of some part in that harmony.

The song began at last in a solemn pæan of thunderous and glorious words, like the running of a bright surf upon a beach. Then it trembled down into a quiet lyric, like the chattering of a brook over pebbles; then surged out again in a mournful andante that was like dawn, like a grey twilight upon mountains. Then I knew that the making of a tremendous word was in hand. A word which should signify and qualify the sea; a vast word, gentle, tremulous and solemn, and I was plucked forward (with a catch of joy in my heart, for I thought I had been deemed unworthy) to become one poor letter in the great word, one frail note in the perfect song, and then, as the completed music thundered and throbbed among the planets, I woke.

John Masefield.



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La Tranquillita.

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HOW MASTER CONSTANS WENT TO THE NORTH.

Heard and Told by Christopher St. John.

(Continued from No. 1.)

So Constans left the warm South and journeyed towards the mountains. And he suffered much pain and care from *cold* and from Poverty. His limbs began to fail, yet never was he heavy-hearted as he had been in the gentle *South*. And he sang always :

“ *O what to me the Southern air . . .
O what to me my father’s gold . . .
The golden blossom of her hair
Grows in a land of bitter cold.*” . . .

Then came Constans to the *Black Ice* itself, where no tree may grow and no man may live . . . And the body of Constans was as light as though he had been a *ghost*.

And all the days were nights, but *Constans* had faith that when he reached the far-off *Princess*, all the nights would be days.

There came an hour when he was quite undone by his *Sickness*, and he cast himself down on the ground and cried : “ Let me die . . . for even if she should dwell here, I might not behold her face in this *gloom*.”

And as Constans wept, he fell into a deep *sleep*. And while he slept, a troop of the shining ones came round him, and the air was full of musick.

“ Wake now, Constans . . . wake now. Have *faith*, for she, whom you seek, is near.”

And Constans awoke. The bright beings had gone, but the sound of *hautboys* and *flutes* was still in the air, and the icy wind was softened with the smell of frankincense.

In front of Constans was a high mountain of ice as clear as *Crystal*, and as *green* as the leaves in spring.

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It seemed to Constans that the sun shone from the *heart* of the mountain, and Constans laughed and danced for joy.

Therewith he drew nearer to the *Hill*, and now he felt himself hurt that he had not known at once that Sun to be the *hair* of his lady . . . Nor did it trouble him that she was not clad in the princely *robes* of his dreams, but wore a mean *beggar's* garment.

"Mercy on me, my lady," cried Constans. "Since we have loved so long in *dream* . . . I pray you tell me how to reach you."

"Then should you taste of death Master Constans," said the lady, and Constans saw that she was whiter than snow.

"Yet I will come nearer," said Constans. And he walked into the icy side of the mountain, and his faith like flame melted the *ice*, and he came to her.



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